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PEEPS INTO THE WORKSHOPS OF LITERARY MEN.

LITERATURE, though it never can be practised with success except by men endowed with peculiar and suitable faculties, is also to be regarded as an art, which, no more than any other, can be exercised without a certain degree of acquired skill. It stands, however, in an uncommon position as an art, for it has no apprenticeships, no recognised academies of instruction, no grades of teachers and scholars, but is usually taken up by each isolated student at his own hand, and with only such aid as he can derive from what he chances to know of the habits of others, or as his native good sense may lend to him. Such being admitted as the case, it becomes a somewhat important as well as curious subject of inquiry, what have been the ways and modes assumed or followed by the first masters of the art.

Sir Walter Scott was a rapid writer. We have his own testimony that the second and third volumes of Waverley were written in three weeks, and Mr Lockhart states that twice the time sufficed to produce the whole of Guy Mannering. He composed a large part of his Life of Napoleon at the rate of sixteen printed pages per day, which would give a volume of that work in little more than the time taken to fabricate a volume of Guy Mannering—a wonderful effort, when we consider the necessity of referring to authorities. On the other hand, it must be acknowledged that Scott was not a correct writer. In his manuscript, sentences were often left unfinished; awkward peculiarities of phrase, including Scotticisms, abounded; and it is evident that the Life of Napoleon would have been at this day a better authority, if it had been written more deliberately. Much of his poetry is as slovenly as his prose. The manuscripts of Scott were all latterly first draughts. He did not even read over what he had written, before sending it to the press. It was also remarkable of him, that he wrote his novels without plan or premeditation of any kind, one scene or combination of characters suggesting that which was to follow, until he was called upon by the printer to close in the work. The press following close at his heels, it was impossible for him to go back and accommodate any past part to that for the moment under his hands. It is wonderful that, in such circumstances, he has written in general so happily; but it must also be owned that the conclusions of his works are usually hurried and unsatisfactory. We believe that, in at least one instance, he found himself compelled to change the original destination of an important character, by concluding "the Fair Maid of Perth" with the marriage of the heroine to the blacksmith. Taking the first description of this person in connexion with the contemporary burnings for the Bohemian heresy, it is evident that he designed her for martyrdom.

The Telemachus of Fenelon was written in three months, and there were not ten erasures in the original manuscript. The author, says D'Israeli, had previously "formed his style, and his mind overflowed with all the spirit of the ancients." "The same facility," adds the same writer, "accompanied Gibbon after the experience of his first volume; and the same copious readiness attended Adam Smith, who dictated to his amanuensis while he walked about his study." Yet Gibbon had spent seven years in preparing for his work, and the Wealth of Nations, one way and another, was the labour of ten years.

It is remarkable, considering the mercurial character of the French, how slowly and carefully many of them have written. Malherbe, usually called the father of their poetry, composed with prodigious tardiness, and racked his brains to correct what he had written. He used to say that a poet, after writing a hundred good verses, ought to repose for ten years! The style of La Fontaine's tales conveys the impression of easy and rapid composition; but in reality these tales were written and polished with the most laborious care. Beranger is also a slow writer, "frequently laying aside the subject on which he is employed for several weeks, and patiently waiting until, by dint of long reflection on the subject, and careful polishing, by the selection of the happiest allusions, by the studious exclusion of every phrase or illustration that appears recherché or ornate, he has given to the whole that unity and appearance of ease and simplicity at which he constantly aims."* Madame Dacier translated some parts of Homer six or seven times, and would, after all, add on the margin of her copy, "*I have not done it yet.*" Pascal, writing his Provincial Letters, spent twenty days on some one of the number, and re-wrote the beginnings of several six or seven times before being satisfied.

It has been somewhere insisted on as a curious fact, that the writings of Rousseau, in which simplicity of language is so prominent a feature, were written with vast care—the author sitting, too, in full dress, and using the finest gilt-edged paper—while the papers of the Rambler, in which the style appears so cumbrous and laboured, were thrown off with great rapidity, and sent in hot haste to the press. This is apt to lead to some misconception of Johnson's literary habits. He certainly wrote rapidly, the Rasselas being the composition of *the evenings of a week*, while it is true that the Ramblers were mostly composed immediately before they were printed. But Johnson was also a great memorandist, and a laborious corrector. Even his rapidity was allowed by himself to be the result of early self-discipline. "He told him [Sir Joshua Reynolds] that he had early laid it down as a fixed rule to do his best on every occasion, and in every company; to impart whatever he knew in the most forcible language he could put it in; and that, by constant practice, and never suffering any careless expressions to escape him, or attempting to deliver his thoughts without arranging them in the clearest manner, it became habitual to him."† At least thirty papers were written from prepared memoranda. His mind also contained a vast store of unwritten observation and thought, which he was ready to pour forth as it was required. While these circumstances are to be taken into consideration, it might also, we think, be shown that a rolling, measured style, like that of Johnson, requires less time than a simple style like that of Rousseau and Beranger. For the latter, it is necessary that the mind should be *chastened down*, which requires time. Johnson's corrections on his compositions were not known to the literary world, till elucidated by Mr Alexander Chalmers in his preface to the Rambler. It was shown by that gentleman, that, between the *sheet edition* of these essays and the first reprint of them as a book, thousands of corrections had been made by the author, indicating a thoughtful regard for propriety of expression, and productive of an inconceivable improvement in the work. Mr Chalmers produces some specimens of the original papers, marking in *italics* the words which had been altered. We shall copy one passage from the 180th paper, along with the corresponding passage in the corrected edition—thus presenting what, short as it is, must, we conceive, be a very instructive lesson on the subject of composition.

"It is somewhere related by Le Clerc, that a wealthy trader of good understanding, having the *usual* ambition to breed his son a scholar, carried him to an university, resolving to *make* use *of* his own judgment in the choice of a tutor. He had been taught, by whatever intelligence, the nearest way to the heart of an academic, and *soon after* his arrival *opened his purse with so little reserve, and* entertained all who came about him with such profusion *of plenty*, that the professors were *presently* lured by the smell of his table from their books, and flocked round him with all the *importunity* of awkward complaisance. This eagerness *completely* answered the merchant's purpose: he glutted them with delicacies, *he cheered them with wine, he* softened them with caresses, *and by degrees* prevailed upon one after another to open his bosom, and make a *full* discovery of his *schemes of* competition, *his alarm of* jealousy, and *his rancour of* resentment. *Thus after having long endeavoured to learn* each man's character, partly from himself, and partly from his acquaintances, he *at last* resolved to find some other *method of* educat*ing* his son, and went away, *fully* convinced that a scholastic life has no other tendency than to vitiate the morals and contract the understanding. Nor *could* he afterwards *bear* with patience the praises of the ancient authors, being persuaded that scholars of all ages must have been the same; and that Xenophon and Cicero were nothing more than professors of some former university, and *were* therefore mean and selfish, ignorant and servile, like those whom he had lately visited and forsaken."

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Pope, as might have been expected, was a slow and painstaking writer. In translating the Iliad, he considered fifty verses a-day as good work. The first draughts of that poem, which are preserved in the British Museum, show many erasures and interlineations, and, besides these, many passages which the author had altered before the poem was published. Parts of the first draught have been published by Johnson and D'Israeli, and may be referred to as very instructive examples of the labour of a literary artist of the first order to give finish to his work. We can only afford space for a very small specimen, namely, the passage in which Hector takes his child from the arms of Andromache. As published by the poet, it is as follows:—

* Article Poetry, Encyclopædia Britannica, 7th edition.
† Boswell.

Thus having spoke, the illustrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scared at the dazzling helm and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smiled,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child—
The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,
And placed the beaming helmet on the ground;
Then kiss'd the child, and lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods preferr'd a father's prayer.

Next comes the passage, as it appears in the first draught, on the back of a letter franked by Addison: it will be observed that the lines and words in *italics* were rejected:—

Thus having spoke, the illustrious chief of Troy
Extends his eager arms to embrace his boy,
lovely
Stretch'd his fond arms to *seize* the *beauteous* boy;
babe
The *boy* clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scared at the dazzling helm and nodding crest.
each *kind*
With *silent* pleasure *the* fond parent smiled,
And Hector hasten'd to relieve his child—
The glittering terrors unbound,
His radiant helmet from his brows *unbraced*,
on the ground he
And on the ground the glittering terror placed,
beamy
And placed the *radiant* helmet on the ground;
Then seized the boy, and raising him in air,
lifting
Thus fondling in his arms his infant heir,
dancing
Thus to the gods *address'd* a father's prayer.

Addison was a most careful writer, and spared no after labour in making his compositions correct. Dr Warton relates that, when the entire impression of a number of the Spectator was nearly thrown off, he would stop the press to insert a new preposition or conjunction.* A specimen of the corrections he made upon his first editions has been given by Dr Drake. It relates to the 117th number of the Tatler, and includes some very minute improvements, as—"For *tastes*, read *relishes*; for *times*, read *ages*; for *the* whole, read *a* whole; for *satisfaction*, read *pleasure*; dele *the*; dele *own*; &c."† Savage and Armstrong were also zealous and most scrupulous correctors. Gray would spend a week upon a page, revising and re-revising, till he got it to his satisfaction. Dr Robertson wrote all his sentences on separate bits of paper, and not till he had corrected them into perfect harmony, did he transfer them to his manuscript. Even the peasant bard Burns took great pains in correcting. "Easy composition, but laborious correction," was his own description of his mode of writing.‡ It is not unworthy of notice that Milton was anxious for correct punctuation. Virgil spent eleven years in correcting the Æneid, and, after all, being interrupted in the task by death, was so dissatisfied with the state of his poem, that he wished to have it destroyed. On the other hand, Ovid could not bring his mind to the labour of correction. Shakspeare is said to have never altered a line. And, to descend to a meaner example, the satirist Churchill detested blotting and erasing, which he said was like cutting away one's own flesh.§ Steele was as careless as Addison was the reverse; but his writings are, for that reason amongst others, much inferior. This easy-natured Irishman makes a most characteristic admission in introducing the Tatler. "The nature of my miscellaneous work," says he, "is such, that I shall always take the liberty to tell for new such things (let them have happened never so much before the time of writing) as have escaped public notice, or have been misrepresented to the world; provided that I am still within rules, and trespass not as a tatler any further than in *incorrectness of style*, and writing in an air of common speech."‖ For an author to acquaint his readers that he should probably be incorrect in his style, seems a pitch of impertinence of no common height.

It may be presumed that Young wrote carefully, as he recommends others to do so. In his Epistles, the following passage occurs:—

Write, and re-write, blot out, and write again,
And for its swiftness ne'er applaud your pen;
Leave to the jockeys that Newmarket praise;
Slow runs the Pegasus that wins the bays.
Much time for immortality to pay
Is just and wise; for loss is thrown away.
Time only can mature the lab'ring brain;
Time is the father, and the midwife Pain:
The same good sense that makes a man excel,
Still makes him doubt he no'er has written well.
Downright impossibilities they seek:
What man can be immortal in a week?

Cowper belonged to the same order. He says, in a letter to Mrs Unwin, "To touch and retouch is, though some writers boast of negligence, and others would be ashamed to show their foul copies, the *secret of almost all good writing*, especially in verse. I am never weary of it myself." A striking proof of the good effected by the process in his instance, is afforded by the easy and fluent poem on Friendship published amongst the writings which appeared during his life, as compared with the rough draught of the same poem published amongst his minor poems after his death. Dr Parr gives his opinion on the same side. Writing to Sir James Mackintosh, he says—"A style which is truly good must always, more or less, be the result of effort and art. Write on, write on, and depend upon it, you will soon have the habit of executing narrative well—very well, and I mean to the satisfaction of your own profound penetration and judicious taste. At first there may be the *limæ labor et mora*;* but fluency and rapidity will soon come on, and this I know from my own personal experience." Johnson's advice to a young clergyman was to exactly the same purpose:—"In the labour of composition, do not burden your mind with too much at once; do not exact from yourself, at one effort of excogitation, propriety of thought and elegance of expression. Invent first, and then embellish. The production of something where nothing was before, is an act of greater energy than the expansion or decoration of the thing produced. Set down diligently your thoughts as they rise in the first words that occur; and when you have matter, you will easily give it form. Nor, perhaps, will this method be always necessary, for by habit your thoughts and diction will flow together."† Johnson gave Dr Parr's thought with admirable brevity and pith:—"What we hope ever to do with ease, we must first learn to do with diligence."‡

Three recent Scottish luminaries, Stewart, Leslie, and Playfair, were all of them remarkable as great correctors both in manuscript and proof. We have a very curious account of Mr Playfair's mode of composition, from the pen of Lord Jeffrey: "He wrote rather slowly, and his first sketches were often very slight and imperfect, like the rude chalking for a masterly picture. His chief effort and greatest pleasure was in their revisal and correction; and there were no limits to the improvement which resulted from this application. It was not the style merely that gained by the change; the whole reasoning, and sentiment, and illustration, were enlarged and new modelled in the course of it, and a naked outline became gradually informed with life, colour, and expression. It was not at all like the common finishing and polishing to which careful authors generally subject the first draughts of their compositions—nor even like the fastidious and tentative alterations with which some more anxious writers assay their choicer passages. It was, in fact, the great filling in of the picture—the working up of the figured *web*, on the naked and meagre *woof* that had been stretched to receive it; and the singular thing in his case was, not only that he left this most material part of his work to be performed after the whole outline had been finished, but that he could proceed with it to an indefinite extent, and enrich and improve as long as he thought fit, without any risk either of destroying the proportions of that outline, or injuring the harmony and unity of the design. He was perfectly aware, too, of the possession of this extraordinary power, and it was partly, we presume, in consequence of it that he was not only at all times ready to go on with any work in which he was engaged, without waiting for favourable moments or hours of greater alacrity, but that he never felt any of those doubts and misgivings as to his being able to get creditably through with his undertaking, to which we believe most authors are occasionally liable. As he never wrote upon any subject of which he was not perfectly master, he was secure against all blunders in the substance of what he had to say; and felt quite assured, that if he was only allowed time enough, he should finally say it in the very best way of which he was capable. He had no anxiety, therefore, either in undertaking or proceeding with his tasks; and intermitted and resumed them at his convenience, with the comfortable certainty that all the time he bestowed on them was turned to good account, and that what was left imperfect at one sitting might be finished with equal ease and advantage at another. Being thus perfectly sure both of his end and his means, he experienced in the course of his compositions none of that little fever of the spirits with which that operation is so apt to be accompanied. He had no capricious visitings of fancy which it was necessary to fix on the spot or to lose for ever—no casual inspirations to invoke and to wait for—no transitory and evanescent lights to catch before they faded. All that was in his mind was subject to his control and amenable to his call, though it might not obey at the moment; and while his taste was so sure that he was in no danger of overworking any thing that he had designed, all his thoughts and sentiments had that unity and congruity, that they fell almost spontaneously into harmony and order; and the last added, incorporated, and assimilated with the first, as if they had sprung simultaneously from the same happy conception."§

Upon the whole, it appears that, for one writer of note who was careless in composition and negligent of correction, there have been at least ten who were the reverse. And even those writers whose works appear the simplest and most natural in style, have generally been remarkable for the pains they took in elaborating their compositions. We humbly think that this affords an instructive lesson, in the first place to literary aspirants, and in the second to all who would excel, whatever may be the department of exertion they have entered upon. When we find that even the most masterly intellects have in general found study, care, diligence, and laborious finish, necessary for success, how vain must appear the folly of all those attempts to *dash off clever things in happy moments*, of which young men are sometimes guilty!—how senseless must appear all efforts at excellence, which are not made in the spirit of laborious application! From our experience in life, we would say that one-half of the failures which occur in literature, in art, in business, in every kind of pursuit, are owing to self-conceit in the aspirant leading him to despise labour, and to suppose that his slightest effort is enough to secure success. Such persons conceive it to be unworthy of *them* to take any particular pains with any thing: it should be enough that *they* try: the effort being made by *them*, success should be certain; as if there were some charm about them which should set all ordinary rules at nought. Such was not the spirit in which Pope warbled his dulcet numbers; in which Johnson threw out his lofty moralisings; in which Cowper, Burns, Virgil, or Horace, wrote their imperishable works. These great men studied hard, and wrote, or at least corrected, with the utmost care. Whatever they did, they thought themselves bound to do as well as they could. Very far was it from them to suppose that whatever they chose to enunciate at random was sure to be good. No; they gave concentrated attention to all that they attempted, and their success was mainly owing to their observance of the maxim, that "whatever we would do well, we must first learn to do with diligence."

* Warton's Life of Pope.
† Drake's Essays illustrative of the Tatler, Spectator, &c. i. 95.
‡ Cromek's Reliques of Burns.
§ D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature, iv. 118.
‖ Tatler, No. 5.

* The labour of the file and the delay—an expression used by Horace in his Art of Poetry, and indicating (though no such indication was needed) how well that exquisite literary artist knew what careful writing was.
† Boswell, vol. iii. ‡ Life of Milton.
§ Edinburgh Magazine, 1819, ii. 165.

LIFE'S VALUE.

A STORY OF BRITTANY.

THE scene of our little story opens in an apartment in an ancient castle in Brittany. The young proprietor is about to quit the abode of his forefathers, to pursue schemes of ambition at court, or in the great world. The family, consisting of the mother and two sisters, with the hero of the piece, are met together on this interesting occasion. But we let the young gentleman relate what passed at the interview.

The time at length came when I should depart; and Joseph, opening the door gently, informed us that the *chaise de poste* was ready. This announcement was startling to my mother and sisters, who, in an agony of feeling, threw their arms around me.

"It is not yet too late!" they exclaimed, with tears; "renounce this intended journey. Oh, do not leave us!"

"My dearest mother," I replied, "at twenty years of age, and the inheritor of a noble name, I must make myself known in my native land. I must open a path to fame, either in the army or at court."

"And when you are gone," said my poor mother, "what will become of me?"

"You will hear with pride and pleasure of your son's success!"

"And should I hear of his death in battle?"

"Well; of what use is life at my age," I replied, "but to gain honour and glory? Think rather of the time when I shall return a colonel—perhaps a marshal of France."

"And then?"—said my mother.

"Why, then, honour and respect will follow my steps wherever I go."

"And then?"—pursued she.

"Then, I will marry my cousin Henriotta; we shall find noble husbands for my sisters; and we will all live together in peace and happiness in these ancient halls of my ancestors."

"And why not commence this life of happiness from this moment?" said my mother. "Where is there a wider or fairer domain in Brittany than yours? Who claims a nobler name in the province? In the midst of your faithful vassals, are you not sufficiently honoured and beloved? Leave us not, my son!—leave not your friends, your sisters, your aged mother, whom you may never again behold! Go not to waste, in the pursuit of vain glory, or to shorten, by sorrows and disappointments, those youthful days that pass so rapidly. Life is a treasure, my beloved Bernard; and where can you enjoy it more than under the lovely sky of Brittany?" As my mother spoke, she led me to a window, and pointed out the noble avenues of the ancient park, where the stately chestnuts were mingled with lilacs and woodbines, whose fragrant blossoms perfumed the air. Before the door stood the aged gardener and his family, whose saddened looks seemed to say, "Desert us not, our noble master—desert not those you are bound to protect!" Hortensia, my eldest sister, twined her arms round my neck, while Amelia, the youngest, taking up a volume of La Fontaine, pointed to an engraving, and with sobs placed the book in my hands. It was the fable of the *Two Pigeons*. I started up, and extricating myself from their embraces, again exclaimed, "I *must* win honour and glory!—let me go, let me go!"—and I rushed into the court-yard.

As I was about to ascend the carriage, a female figure appeared at the hall door. It was my cousin Henrietta. She wept not, spoke not; but, pale as marble, appeared sinking to the earth. She held a handkerchief in her hand, with which she waved me a last farewell, and then fell senseless. I rushed to her, raised her in my arms, and uttered the tenderest vows of love and constancy. But when I saw the colour revisit her cheek, leaving her to the anxious care of my mother and sisters, I hastened back to the carriage, without even turning my head. One look more at Henrietta, and I felt I could not have left her. In a few minutes after, the *chaise de poste* was rolling along the high road to Sedan.

For some time, my thoughts were entirely filled with my beloved Henrietta, my weeping sisters, my dear mother, and all the happiness I felt I was leaving. But as the ancient turrets of Roche Bernard receded from my view, these saddening images seemed to vanish also, and were succeeded by the brilliant visions of glory and ambition. What airy castles rose before me as I leaned back in the rumbling vehicle! Riches—honours—dignities—nothing did I refuse to myself as the just reward of my merit; and the scale ascending as I advanced on my journey, I was a duke, governor of a province, and Maréchal of France, by the time I reached the inn at which I was to repose for the night. The voice of my servant, simply addressing me as *Monsieur le Chevalier*, forced me, unwillingly, to abdicate my newly created dignity.

The next day, and for several succeeding ones, I indulged in the same intoxicating dreams, my journey being of some length. I was repairing to Sedan, to the residence of the Duke of C——, an old and tried friend of my father's, and the protector of the family. He had promised to take me to Paris, and introduce me at the court of Versailles. He hoped, also, to obtain for me a company in a regiment of dragoons, by the influence of his sister, the Marchioness of F——, a young and beautiful woman, whom public opinion pointed out as the probable successor of Madame de Pompadour.

I reached Sedan at so late an hour that I could not think of presenting myself at the ducal chateau, and therefore installed myself for the night at the *Arms of France*, the best inn the town afforded, and the rendezvous of all the officers of the garrison. Sedan was then a fortified town; the very streets had a warlike appearance, and the citizens a martial air, that seemed to say to a stranger, "We are compatriots of the great Turenne!"

I supped at a table-d'hôte, and took the opportunity of inquiring my way to the chateau, where I intended going in the morning.

"Any one will point it out to you," was the answer; "it is well known to the whole country. In that chateau expired one of our most celebrated men, and bravest of warriors, Maréchal Fabert."

And hereupon, as was natural amongst so many military heroes, the conversation fell upon the career of the maréchal. They spoke of his many gallant exploits, and of his singular modesty, which had made him refuse the titles of nobility, and the ribbons of several orders, offered to him by Louis XIV. Above all, they expatiated upon his extraordinary good fortune, which had enabled him, without the aid of family interest, he being the son of an obscure printer, to raise himself from a common soldier to the rank of Maréchal of France. It had appeared so extraordinary and unprecedented an elevation, that even during the life of Fabert, popular rumour had not been backward in attributing it to supernatural causes. It was currently reported that he dealt in magic, and it was even affirmed he had made a compact with Satan.

Our landlord, who, to the ignorance of a native of Champagne added the credulity of a peasant of Brittany, gravely assured us, that a few moments before Fabert expired, a black man, unknown to any one in the chateau, had entered the chamber and carried off the maréchal's soul, which, indeed, of right appertained to him, he having purchased it long before. Mine host also went on to state, that from that period to the present time, upon each anniversary of Fabert's death, the black man was seen at midnight bearing a lighted torch in his hand. This recital enlivened our dessert, and we quaffed several bumpers of champagne to the familiar demon of the deceased maréchal, hoping he might take us also under his protection, and give us similar triumphs to the battles of Collioure and Marfée.

The next morning, at an early hour, I repaired to the chateau of the Duke de C——. It was an immense and gloomy Gothic pile, which would not perhaps, at another time, have made much impression upon me, but I must confess that I now gazed upon it with a singular feeling of interest, as I called to mind the landlord's story.

The domestic who ushered me in told me his master was not yet visible. I gave my name, and was then left alone in an ancient hall, adorned with the trophies of the chase, and hung round with family portraits. I waited a considerable time, but no one appeared. "Is this brilliant career of glory to commence by the antechamber?" exclaimed I, beginning to conceive the impatience of a discontented place-hunter. I had gone three times the round of the grim portraits, and had sedulously counted all the beams in the lofty ceiling, when I heard a slight noise in the wainscot, and found it proceeded from a half-closed door, moved by the wind. I pushed it gently open, and saw a small room, tastefully furnished, and from which a glass door opened into a magnificent park. I advanced, in order to enjoy the view from the window, when another object met my sight. Stretched on a sofa, whose back was turned to the door by which I entered, was a man, who, not observing me, rose hastily and rushed to the window. I then perceived that his face was bathed in tears, and that despair was marked in every feature. He remained for a moment motionless, his face buried in his hands, then with rapid steps began to pace the apartment. As soon as his eye fell upon me, he stopped and shuddered, while I, distressed at my intrusion, muttered some words in apology, and was about to withdraw.

"Who are you!—what brings you here!" he exclaimed, in a loud voice, and seizing my arm with violence.

"I am the Chevalier de Bernard, and I come"——

"I know, I know," he said, hastily; and taking my hand warmly, he made me sit down by him, and inquired with much interest about my family; spoke of my father, whom he appeared to have known so well, that I could not doubt my being in the presence of the master of the chateau.

"You are Monsieur de C——!" said I.

He rose, and replied, in an agitated tone, "I was once; but I am nothing—nothing now. Hush!—do not speak—do not ask me any questions!"

"Permit me, at least," I ventured to say, "to assure you, that if the most devoted friendship can in any way lighten the affliction of which I have been an involuntary witness"——

"You are right," he replied, abruptly; "though you cannot change my doom, yet you may receive my last wishes. That is the only service you can render me."

He closed the door carefully, and returned to his seat at my side, where I waited in trembling anxiety for the result. There was something awfully solemn in the tone of his voice, and an expression in his countenance I had never seen before. His face was deadly pale, while lightnings seemed to flash from his large dark eyes, and his features, worn by suffering, were frequently convulsed by a demoniac smile.

"What I am about to relate to you," he said at length, in a hollow tone, "will confound your reason. You will doubt—you will perhaps utterly disbelieve. Even I almost doubt at times still—at least I wish to do so; but the proof, the fatal proof, is too strong. Alas! are there not in all that surrounds us, in our very organisation itself, mysteries whose existence we are compelled to acknowledge without any powers of comprehending them!" He paused for a moment, as if to recollect his ideas, pressed his hand to his brow, and continued—

"In this castle I first drew breath; and being a younger son, upon the elder born was of course to devolve all the wealth and honours of our house, while I had nothing to look forward to but the cloak and band of an abbé. With a heart burning with ambition, and a head filled with dreams of glory, the prospect of this obscure lot made me wretched, and I resolved, by some means or other, to raise myself above it. Life was distasteful to me; I lived but in the future; and yet what a gloomy future appeared to my aching sight!

I thus attained my thirtieth year, and I was still nothing—nothing; while I daily heard of colossal reputations, whose fame reached even this remote province. 'I will try the career of letters!' I exclaimed; 'let me win fame in any way, for fame alone is happiness.'

The only confidant of my chagrin was an aged Negro, who had been in the chateau even before my birth. Indeed, he was so old, that no one remembered his coming; and it was said he had been present at the death of Maréchal Fabert."

Here an involuntary start of surprise, which I could not repress, made my companion pause. "Go on," I said, "'tis nothing;" but, notwithstanding, I thought of the black man described by the old landlord.

"One day," continued Monsieur de C——, "I gave way before Yago (so the old negro was called) to the despair of my soul, at the shameful obscurity in which I dragged on my days. 'I would give *ten years of my life*,' I exclaimed, 'to become a celebrated author!'

'Ten years,' said Yago, coldly; 'it is paying dear for such a trifle. However, I accept your offer. The ten years are mine. Keep your promise; you will find me true to my word.'

I will not attempt to depict my astonishment at this speech. However, after a moment's reflection, I naturally concluded that age had enfeebled his intellects; and with a smile of pity I left the room, and in a few days after the chateau. I arrived in Paris, and soon found myself in the most distinguished literary society of the metropolis. Encouraged by their approval, I published several works. My success exceeded my most flattering dreams. The journals of Paris, of France, of even foreign nations, rung with my name; yourself, even yesterday, young man, acknowledged the power of my genius."

"How!" I exclaimed, with astonishment; "you are not, then, the Duke of C——!"

"No," he replied, coldly.

"What favoured son of genius, then, stands before me?" said I:—"Marmontel? D'Alembert? Voltaire?"

The unknown, with a smile of contempt, continued his recital.

"The literary fame I enjoyed, unbounded as it was, could not satisfy a soul like mine. I longed for nobler triumphs, and could not help exclaiming to Yago, who had followed me to Paris, 'Oh, there is no real glory but that which is gained on the battle-field! What is a philosopher—a poet!—nothing! Speak to me of a *hero!* What are the poet's bays compared to the laurel wreath of a conqueror! To purchase that, I would willingly give ten years more of my life.'

'I agree to the bargain,' said Yago. 'They are mine also. Do not forget.'"

At this part of the narrative, the unknown paused, for he observed the astonishment expressed in my countenance.

"I told you," he said, "you would not believe. You think it a dream, as I, alas! did once. But the honours I won, the triumphs I gained—squadrons led to meet the fire of the enemy—fortresses carried by skill—standards seized by my bravery—victories that were echoed through the world: these were not dreams—no! that glory was real, and that glory was mine!"

He paced the room with rapid strides, and his cheeks flushed with the vehemence of his discourse, while I muttered to myself, "Who, then, is this renowned warrior!—Coigny!—Richelieu!—perhaps Maréchal Saxe himself."

The fever of enthusiasm passed away, and the unknown sank again into despondency.

"Yago spoke truly," he continued, in a low and mournful tone. "I was soon wearied with the vain incense of military fame, and perceiving there was but one thing real and substantial in the world, I purchased, by five years more of my existence, the riches I coveted. Yes, young man, it is true, though incredible—I saw my wealth increase beyond my most sanguine desires. Lands, forests, castles, all were mine; even this morning I thought myself—but no matter; you will soon be convinced of the truth—oh, how soon!"

He approached the clock on the chimney, and looked at it with a terrified gaze, then continued, rapidly,

"This morning, on awaking at daybreak, I felt a degree of exhaustion throughout my whole frame that alarmed me. I rang my bell, and Yago answered the summons. 'What is the matter!' I exclaimed; 'I am faint.' 'It is but the course of nature,' he answered, calmly. 'Master, the hour approaches—it is come.' 'What hour!' I cried, in surprise.

'Do you not divine it!' said Yago. 'Heaven allotted as your portion sixty years of existence. You had lived thirty of them when I first became your slave.'

'Yago,' I cried, 'you are jesting with me!'

'No, master, no; in five years of life you have expended twenty-five to purchase glory. They became my property, and will be added to the term of my existence.'

'That, then,' I cried, 'was the price I paid for your services!'

'Others have paid dearer,' he answered, boldly; 'for instance, Fabert, whom I served also.'

'Tis false, 'tis false!' I exclaimed, vehemently.

'You will find it true, my master,' said the black; 'you have but half an hour to live.'

'Oh, say not so, Yago; you are deceiving me!'

'Calculate yourself,' he answered; 'thirty-five years that you have actually lived, and twenty-five lost. The account is square. It is my turn now; every one their own, is but justice.'

He turned to go, but feeling myself gradually sinking, I exclaimed in despair, 'Oh Yago, Yago! give me but a few hours more!'

'They would be deducted from mine,' said he; 'and I know the *value of life* better than you did. What treasure is equal to two hours of existence!'

A dark cloud seemed to pass before my eyes, and the chill of death was in my veins. With a last effort, I gasped out, 'Take back the wealth for which I have paid so dear. Give me but four hours more of life, and I resign my lands, my castles, my gold—all, all!'

'You have been a kind master,' said he, after a pause; 'I wish to do something in gratitude.' I felt my courage revive, and ventured to say, 'Four hours are almost nothing: Yago, Yago, grant me some more in addition, and I resign the literary fame that placed my name so high in the world!'

'Four hours of life for such a bagatelle as that!' said the negro, with disdain; 'but for *your* sake I will not refuse your last request.'

'Oh! say not my last,' said I, emboldened by his compliance; 'give me the twelve hours complete—one more day—and let the fame of my battles and victories be for ever effaced from the memory of mankind. One day, Yago—one day, and I am willing to resign all else.'

'You abuse my good nature,' he said; 'but I will not refuse. I give you till sunset. Farewell—with the last beam of day I come to fetch you'—And left me," continued the unknown, in the accents of despair; "and this is the last day I have to remain on earth." He rushed to the window, and pointed to the park. "I shall never again behold that lovely sky, that verdant lawn, that silvery stream, nor ever again breathe the balmy air of spring. Fool—fool that I was; the blessings that God lavishes upon all were mine also, and I despised them! Now I know their inestimable value; and I might have enjoyed them for twenty-five years longer; and in a few hours I must lose them for ever! I have squandered my life for a vain chimera—a sterile fame, that has perished even before myself. Look!" he cried, pointing to a group of peasants, who, on their return to labour, filled the air with their joyous songs; "what would I not give to share their labours and poverty! But I have nothing now to hope for—not even labour and poverty." A bright sunbeam at this moment fell upon his pale and distorted features; he grasped my arm convulsively, and exclaimed, "Look—look at that glorious sun; and I must leave it for ever! Ah! let me not lose a moment of this precious day, to which, for me, alas! there will be no morrow!" Thus saying, he rushed into the park, and disappeared amongst the foliage of a shady alley.

I threw myself upon the sofa, bewildered and oppressed by all I had heard and seen. Was it indeed a reality, or was I under the influence of some fantastic dream! The door was opened by a servant, who announced the Duke of C——.

A noble-looking personage, of about sixty years of age, entered, and cordially taking my hand, apologised for having detained me so long. "He had been compelled," he said, "to attend a consultation of the faculty upon the state of his unfortunate brother."

"He is not in danger, I trust!" said I.

"No," replied the duke, mournfully; "the disease is a mental one. From his youth he suffered the most extravagant ideas of glory and ambition to gain possession of his mind, till his frame, weakened by such violent emotions, was attacked by a fever in which his life was despaired of. He recovered, however; but his reason is, I fear, gone for ever. The unhappy illusion under which he labours is, that he has but one day more to live."

All was explained.

"Now, my young friend," continued the duke, "let us speak of your future prospects. Towards the end of the month I will be able to accompany you to court."

"I am fully sensible of your kindness, my lord," I replied; "but I have given up all idea of profiting by your generous offer."

"How is this!" exclaimed the duke, in unfeigned surprise: "give up the advantages that are almost within your grasp!"

"I resign them all, my lord."

"Young man," said the duke, "you know not what you do. Good Heavens! such a brilliant career open before you! In ten years"——

"Which would be ten years of my life lost," said I, with a smile.

"Lost!" cried the duke; "would it not be cheaply, buying glory, fortune, and honours! Come, come, you but jest; you will go with me to Versailles!"

"No, my lord," I replied, in a respectful but firm tone; "I will return to Brittany, where I will ever retain a grateful sense of your lordship's goodness and condescension."

"This is madness—downright madness!" muttered the duke, in a disappointed and angry tone.

"I feel it is sound reason," whispered I, as I thought of all I had heard and seen so lately.

The next morning I was on the road. Oh, with what inexpressible delight I beheld again the sweet sky of Brittany—the trees of my noble park—the turrets of my ancient castle! There I found my beloved mother, my sweet sisters, my faithful vassals; and there I found true happiness, which I have never since quitted. Eight days afterwards I was the husband of Henrietta.

MALTA, BY A TRAVELLER.

Since the establishment of the route by Egypt to India, the island of Malta has a prospect of again becoming a place of great importance, to merchants at least, and travellers. This revival of consequence is yet, to a considerable extent, in prospect; for the route in question is still attended with difficulties and disadvantages which prevent its general adoption. But it cuts off such an immense portion of the distance between Europe and the East, by rendering the circumnavigation of Africa unnecessary, that all obstacles must soon be removed, as far as man's ingenuity can remove them, and the adoption of the route become universal. Malta lies in such a position that it must rise in importance accordingly. The island is of great service, even now, to Europe, and Britain in particular. It lies half way between the plague and pestilences of the East, and the salubrity of the more fortunate West, and is used as a testing or purifying station, to secure the latter regions from the influx of the diseases peculiar to the former. No steamers from Smyrna, Athens, Constantinople, or any other port east of Malta, can pass the island without touching at it, and undergoing quarantine and purification in one of its harbours devoted to this purpose. Such an arrangement is obviously highly necessary, if not indispensable.

The steamers from England usually sail on the first of the month. They reach Gibraltar in ten days; the steamers from Gibraltar arrive at Malta in a little less than the same time; and the voyage between Malta and Alexandria occupies, also, between seven and ten days; so that a person from England may reach Alexandria in from twenty-seven to thirty days. Of course, the voyage backwards cannot be so quickly performed, as a quarantine of from ten to twenty days must be then undergone. There are, even at the present time, numerous steamers and other vessels to be usually found at Malta, both government and company property, English and French, Austrian, Tuscan, and Turkish; for even the pennant of the Ottomans is now to be seen flying from the mast of a "tchek-jeemie," as they call that noble product of man's ingenuity, the steam-boat.

Malta lies in the centre of the Mediterranean, holding much the same relation to Europe, Asia, and Africa, that the Isle of Man does to the three countries bordering St George's Channel. There was long a dispute whether it was in Europe or Africa, but the British parliament at last ended the matter by declaring it to be in Europe. Near to Malta is another small island called Gozo, which is generally included when speaking of Malta, as if it were a suburb of a large city. The extreme length of Malta is about sixteen miles, and the extreme breadth eleven; it has, however, a great many jutting points or capes, and is computed to contain one hundred and seventy square miles, upon which it is said there are one hundred and twenty-three thousand inhabitants, five thousand beasts of burden, six thousand horned cattle, eight thousand sheep, and twelve thousand goats; consequently it is one of the most densely populated places in the world. About one-half of the land is cultivated, and produces cotton and grain, with a plentiful supply of vegetables and fruit, and especially oranges, which are said to be the finest in the world. The annual value of the cotton raised is about one hundred thousand pounds, but the grain is not sufficient for even one-third of the inhabitants; consequently, there is a great trade carried on in grain from the Black Sea, which is admitted at a variable duty, averaging about a third of its wholesale cost in the island.

There is little or no other produce in Malta equal in any way to its capabilities, whether as regards the climate or population. It is true that there is a trade to a very limited extent in the manufacture and sale of cotton sail-cloth, napkins, table-cloths, shirts, cotton yarn spun by hand, gold and silver trinkets, iron-posted bedsteads, rush-bottomed chairs, and cigars; but labour is so cheap, and the amount of work done in any of these departments so small, that the people are not half employed.

The wages of workmen are small, but rent and living are remarkably cheap. Malta is undoubtedly the cheapest place in Europe; for there a working man can easily support himself and family on from 6d. to 8d. per day, and considers himself fortunate if he can make that sum regularly.

Besides villages, Malta has four towns, namely, Valetta, which is the capital, Floriana, Victoroso, and Civitta Vechia. Nothing strikes a stranger more on entering the capital, than the shelving nature of the streets, which ascend and descend in many parts by stairs. He will also be struck with the immense number of idle people hovering around him, and chattering in all the languages of Europe. The greater part of these are beggars, and the others candidates for the honour of being his guides, an office into which several will instal themselves, and then quarrel which of them has been employed. It is of no use that the first class are told that they will get nothing, and the second, that their services are not wanted; they will, with the most cool and pertinacious impudence, *trot along* (for in such cases they rarely walk) before, behind, and on every side of their victim; neither is it of any use to get angry at them, as, if they are scolded, they will throw up their hands and eyes with the air of ill-used people, and commence talking loud and long, proving to each other's satisfaction, and the torment of their victim, that they are deprived of their just rights. The only method of getting rid of them is to walk on, taking no notice of any one until the tail gets too large to be at all manageable, and then take refuge in a café, round the door of which they will probably hover for a few minutes, but soon depart to look after another stranger. If this course of silent non-recognition be followed, the cortège will daily diminish in number; and if the stranger has given none of them any money, then in about four days he will be left entirely without any escort, and in future be only troubled by the beggars. If, however, he has been so ill advised as to give away even a penny on his first coming to the island, his term of annoyance will be much increased, and his followers as plentiful as the serfs of a Celtic chief in the olden time.

The island is strongly fortified, and garrisoned by about 4000 men, nearly one-fourth of that number being native troops, under native officers. The capital is built upon a tongue of land which stretches out between the clean and quarantine harbours. The streets all run at right angles, whether on the plain or the hill. The city may be about half a mile long, and a sixth part broad: the shops are not numerous, and the greater portion of them are used as cafés, wine shops, and provision stores, in front of which, and in many cases stretching out to the centre of the street, the goods are piled in great quantities, as also fruit, vegetables, and all sorts of food, which are sold at very low prices. In summer, business is not transacted between 11 o'clock forenoon and 4 o'clock afternoon, on account of the great heat of the sun; during which cessation of labour, all the better part of the inhabitants are in their houses, and the mass of the common classes lying asleep on the shady side of the street, or under a doorway, wherever they can escape from the sun.

There are many public buildings in Malta deserving of notice, especially the Palace of the ancient Grand Masters, and the Chapel of the knightly order of St John. There is also a most splendid library, which belonged to the knights, in existence at the present day, beautifully arranged, and well catalogued by the native librarian, who appears to understand his business as well as if he had been brought up in Paternoster Row. There is likewise a large library of modern books called "the Garrison Library," in the same building. This library receives from England all new works of interest, the greater part of the leading periodicals, and several newspapers. The regulations are exceedingly liberal, as a stranger coming to Malta with a letter of introduction to any respectable person, would find no difficulty in having the free use of all contained in both libraries.

About half a mile from Valetta stands Floriana, which contains a few streets of rather a miserable order. In an opposite direction is situated Victoroso, where the Admiralty offices and stores are all placed, and where the different officers connected with this department have elegant houses bordering upon the sea. The town is very dirty, and consists for the most part of streets of steep stairs ascending to the battlements, where, if the sun is shining, thousands of lizards may be seen sporting themselves in its rays, emerging from the crevices, and concealing themselves again with the speed almost of lightning. Civitta Vechia is distant from Valetta about five miles. It is the ancient capital of the island, and the oldest city in it, but, on account of the better situation of Valetta for defence and commerce, has lost its rank and importance.

During the hot season of the year, the island has the appearance of a dried-up lime-kiln; but there is no doubt, from the show in the markets, that there is verdure upon it; yet we can safely aver that during a residence of some little time, we scarcely ever saw as much of it on the grounds as would cover a man's hand.

The boatmen of Malta are a most troublesome set of fellows, as, if the traveller walks along any part of the town which leads to the shore, he is certain to be assailed by a number of them, all insisting on the employment of one boat in preference to another; and even although they are told that a boat is not wanted at all, still they will follow until they conduct the stranger along the shore beyond the boat station. The number of these men exceeds three thousand, and they possess about eleven hundred boats. The usual fare from any one place in the island to another, or to any vessel in the harbour, is 2d., but these rascals insist sometimes upon strangers giving them a *dollar*; even a bargain is never held sacred, as, when the work is finished, they are sure to insist on double or three times the stipulated sum. The only way to manage them is to throw the money down on the street, and walk away; it is true they will follow their *fare* half way over the town; but the thing is so common, that nobody takes any notice of a stranger followed by one or two Maltese boatmen, calling out for money alleged to be due for service performed.

The language of the Maltese is of a very strange character, being a mixture of the Arabic and Italian, but containing most of the former. Nearly all the people, however, can speak a little bad Italian, but very few of the lower or middle classes understand any English, saving a few words of every-day occurrence. The habits and manners of the people are also a mixture of the rude Moorish and smooth Italian. Altogether, they may be said to be one of the most disagreeable and roguish races of people on earth. Of honesty or fair dealing they have no idea, and nothing is too small for them to seize upon and carry off. Even their smallest coin, which is the twelfth part of a penny, will not be disregarded if there is a means of obtaining it, without an adequate return being given. Throughout the Levant they have a notoriously bad name, and at Alexandria and Constantinople are proverbial for their robberies, and even murders, thereby causing the British consuls at these places ten times more trouble than all the other subjects of the British empire.

The females of Malta are celebrated for their large black eyes, but in other respects they have not the beauty of either the Spanish or Italian dames. The dress of the lowest class is slovenly and dirty; that of the middle class is neat, and generally white within doors in summer; but on the street the white gown is covered with a black silk skirt, while a black silk scarf, called *faldetta*, is thrown over the head and shoulders, and disposed in such a manner as to show the countenance of the wearer in the most favourable semi-nudity, and is nothing more than a western garment worn in an eastern fashion. The upper class of females in Malta are rarely to be seen on the street; they, however, dress like the English and French, after the latest European fashions.

From the number of priests and friars who crowd the streets, one might easily tell, even if the conduct of the inhabitants did not proclaim it, that Malta is a place where the church is all-powerful. But, however much the diffusion of knowledge may have extended to other places, certainly the schoolmaster has not been here, for old and young are living in the most complete ignorance. Education is entirely in the hands of the priests, who have the exclusive management of the College, or School of Instruction, and it is practically of little use to the people. The women receive no education at all. Few of the men can read, and none of them can write, excepting those who may be said to gain their bread by the pen.

The press, as may well be supposed, is in a very poor state indeed, where the people are so sunk in ignorance; but it will hardly be credited that it is so low as it really is. Until within eighteen months, there was no printing-press permitted in the island but that of the government, from which issued a small newspaper, once a-week, under the name of the "Malta Gazette." It appeared in parallel columns, English and Italian, but contained no original political articles—being made up of extracts from the London, Paris, and other newspapers of an old date; and yet, though this was the only channel in Malta of receiving news of what was passing in the world, previous to the granting the liberty of the press, it never had a circulation of more than three hundred.

Since the press has become free, there have been started two Italian newspapers in Valetta, one of them entitled "Portofoglio Maltese," and the other

"Il Spettatore Imparziale," but there is nothing in their columns worthy of special notice. A third newspaper, in English and Italian, has also been started, under the name of "Il Gazetto del Mediterrano." It is decidedly the most clever that has ever appeared in Malta, but, it is to be feared, will sink for want of support. The Maltese care for almost nothing beyond the day or hour in which they live; a newspaper is of no interest or use to them; and until they are better educated, or some great change takes place among them, the liberty of the press will not be either valued or supported.

A FEW WEEKS FROM HOME.

VENTILATION AND LIGHTING OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

Most persons, I suppose, have heard that within the last two or three years various schemes have been proposed for the proper ventilation and lighting of the Houses of Lords and Commons, and that those which have been most approved of are now in operation. Except, however, from a random newspaper paragraph, little has been made known respecting the successful plans, and it is probable that some little account of them from personal observation may not prove unacceptable.

During my stay in London, I had occasion to call upon Dr D. B. Reid, of Edinburgh, who has been appointed to organise and superintend the ventilation of the Houses, and was by him kindly conducted over the establishment, and introduced to Mr Goldsworthy Gurney, the able discoverer and applier of the new process of lighting.

Ventilation has hitherto been little understood or thought of. We scarcely find a church, school, or ball-room, or public or private structure of any kind, properly ventilated. The most splendid structures are occasionally seen in course of erection, without the smallest provision for the escape of the vitiated air, and the admission of that which is pure and wholesome. Ignorance has stumbled on one mode only of relieving the overloaded air of crowded apartments, and that is by opening the windows—a practice of the most dangerous kind as respects health, and which on that account, independently of its clumsiness, should not be resorted to except in cases of extreme necessity.

It is impossible to have any accurate idea of the principle of ventilation, unless we become familiar with the fact of air being a buoyant fluid, which has a tendency to keep up an equilibrium in all parts of its volume—that is, if you exhaust a vessel or room partially of its air, the air without will have a tendency to rush in to supply the deficiency. Another thing to be remembered is, that warm air is more expanded and lighter than cold air, therefore it rises while the cold sinks. Observe how these principles act in the case of opening windows on a cold day. The cold air rushes in to fill up the deficiency caused by the expansion, and sinks to the floor, while the hot air rises, or is retarded and cooled. The rush of cold air in such a case, may prove most fatal to an overheated person. If the day be as warm outside as in the house, the opening of the windows is of no use for the escape of the hot air; there will be no rush either way; hence, by the common method of ventilation, there is no means of withdrawing the vitiated atmosphere from a church or large assembly-room in warm weather. To ventilate properly, it is indispensable that the balance of the atmosphere should be disturbed by artificial means; and the means which the air naturally adopts to rectify its want of equilibrium, forms the ventilation. Perhaps it is not generally known that a room, whose door is kept shut, endeavours to ventilate itself by the chimney. During the day, when the sun is powerful, the air in the apartment expands and lightens, the redundancy going off by the chimney; when night comes, the air in the room condenses or goes into a smaller bulk, and, to supply the deficiency, there is a rush of air down the chimney; and thus there is a see-saw motion of air up and down the chimney daily. The sea and land breezes of tropical islands are accounted for on precisely the same principle.

Dr Reid has for many years been known as a skilled scientific ventilator. His chemistry lecture-room is one of the most curious things which can be seen. Various fires are seen in stands in different parts of the floor, but instead of poisoning the apartment with nauseous fumes, the smoke of each is seen to rush down a tube, as if anxious to be gone and out of sight with all imaginable speed. The secret of this urgent haste is, that the smoke is rushing towards some larger fire elsewhere, or hastening to supply the demand for air. The doctor has carried this principle into beautiful operation in the Houses of Parliament. I shall first describe his operations in reference to the House of Lords.

Beneath the house there is a series of low vaults, paved with stone, and connected by passages with similar vaults beneath the House of Commons. One of the vaults, on the western side of the building, is that in which Guy Fawkes was discovered when about to blow up the edifice with gunpowder, and it is here that Dr Reid now performs the first part of his process of introducing and purifying the air. On one side of the vault is a wide opening, covered with coarse gauze, through which the air penetrates, depositing in its course any particles of soot or dust with which it may be loaded. Having passed into the vaulted apartment, it is completely washed with water as it rushes across to the passage beyond. The washing apparatus consists of a number of pipes laid longitudinally and transversely on the floor; each pipe is perforated with a great number of holes, and from these spout jets d'eau in all directions, so as to really fill the apartment with an intense spray, and effectually wash the air as it proceeds through it. On the inner side of the vault, the air is as fresh and pleasant as at the brink of a waterfall. Being thus purified, the air, if necessary, is made to pass through a vaulted chamber, containing a congeries of pipes of hot water; and being there warmed, is sent on by a channel or passage to the House. The temperature of the air which is admitted can be at all times regulated with perfect nicety, by allowing it to go, more or less, through the warming-room; and for the purpose of discovering at any time what is the degree of heat their lordships above are enjoying, a thermometer is pulled down by a string from a concealed part of the house.

The air, thus regulated in temperature, is admitted into the house through canvass which covers the walls, and also behind the bar, seats, and tables. The canvass, which is stretched upon the walls, or rather at a little distance from them, is of a thin yellowish description, and is streaked or marked to resemble oak panels. As high up as the heads of the members, the canvass is papered in a neat style. When the air admitted in this manner all round the house, through the texture of the canvass walls, has been breathed and vitiated, it passes off through ventilators in the roof into a kind of garret, whence it proceeds along a passage, and descends a shaft to the ground. On going round by a stair to the bottom of this very strange air channel, we find ourselves in a vestibule opening upon an immense ash-pit, into which we perceive red hot cinders occasionally falling. We step forward, and enter the ash-pit. We now find ourselves standing at the bottom of a round chimney, measuring a hundred feet high, and eleven feet broad at the base, and in which, at the height of some twelve or fifteen feet overhead, we observe a large blazing fire suspended on a capacious grating. There is no opening into the chimney except from the vestibule, into which all the vitiated atmosphere of the House is poured—the fire being trimmed only by means of a small door on the outside, but which is usually kept shut—and therefore this forms the great organ of draught in this extensive ventilating apparatus.

We now come to the House of Commons. The air is admitted for it through gauze into a lower vault, in the same manner as for the Lords; passes, if required, through a heating room; and is thence conducted in a purified state to a space beneath the floor. For its admission, the floor and rising steps are penetrated with millions of small holes, and rising in these, it passes through a coarse carpeting into the House. Having there performed its office, the air passes off by openings round the edges of the panels in the ceiling, into a garret above, where it is led away by a passage to the descending channel to the ash-pit and fire which I have already described, and which answers for both Houses. I was conducted by the doctor up a trap-stair to the dark passage leading from the garret, at a time when the House was sitting, for the purpose of observing the effects of the draught created by the fire. Groping along the passage, we reach a door which rises and falls like a sash-window. This is an important part of the apparatus. At the time I visited the spot, it was open about a foot at top, and through this there poured a steady current of air in our faces from the openings into the garret. I was told by the doctor not on any account to move down the sash, for it would add a power to the draught whose least effect would be to blow away our hats into the dismal gulf behind us. Both, therefore, by this shifting sash-door, and by means of the doors beneath in the vaults, the quantity of air admitted or sent through the House can be exactly regulated, so as to create no unpleasant sensation to the members. In ordinary circumstances, there is an opening for a current of 60 cubic feet of air, which rushes at a velocity of 10 feet per second; 60 multiplied by 10 makes 600 feet per second, and this again multiplied by 60 seconds, gives 36,000—that is, thirty-six thousand cubic feet of fresh air supplied every minute for the consumption of the House. The air, likewise, can be admitted in either a cold or warm, moist or dry state, at a moment's notice. On one occasion, seventy gallons of water were sent in in the shape of moist air in the course of a few hours. The feelings of the members being very various, the regulation of these details, as may be supposed, is a matter of extreme delicacy. The great object desirable by the learned doctor, is to afford at all times a profuse supply of the best air for breathing, without any sensible feeling of draught to the members; and this he seems to have admirably accomplished by his ingenious arrangements for both Houses. It has been alleged, that the method of admitting the air through the carpet on the floor has the effect of raising a dust in the apartment; but such is not the case. Every precaution is taken to avoid this, not only by the universal porosity, but by the plans adopted for brushing the feet of the members as they pass along the passages and lobbies. It is further necessary to observe, that the plans, at the best, are only preparatory to others of a more perfect kind in connexion with the new Houses of Parliament now in course of erection, and for the superintendence of which, our friend the doctor is now necessarily resident on the spot.

Having offered an idea of the mode of ventilating, I now proceed to a subject not less remarkable for the great scientific skill which is displayed upon it—the method of supplying artificial light to the House of Commons. During the day, light is admitted through sloping glass ceilings on each side; and at night the light is derived chiefly from two large lustres pendant from that central panelled part of the roof, through which the used air has been described as escaping. Externally, there appears nothing worthy of notice in the lustres, except the peculiar intensity of the light, which in each case is emitted from a single burner, and it is to the nature of this that the attention of the reader has in a particular manner to be directed.

The light employed is the invention of Mr Goldsworthy Gurney, and is called the "Bude Light," from the name of his residence in Cornwall, where it first became known to him. In 1823, Mr Gurney published a work on the elements of chemical science, in which he described the powerful light produced from lime by the action of the mixed gases. This light, about seven years afterwards, was employed by Lieutenant Drummond on the Trigonometrical Survey of Ireland, in consequence of which it took the name of the "Drummond Light." A committee of the House of Commons on Light-houses, in 1834, recommended the lime light to be experimented on, with a view to remove the practical difficulties connected with the subject, and adapting it for light-house illumination. In consequence of Mr Gurney having first announced the discovery of the light, he was recommended by the committee to the Trinity House, to carry out the experiment. In the course of his engagement in this office, he discovered the present light, which he considered better for light-house purposes, and, as already mentioned, called the Bude Light. This light is produced by introducing oxygen gas in the interior of the flame of a lamp. An ordinary flame is hollow, the exterior part being only ignited by the atmosphere; the interior part is unburnt, containing the vapour of oil and carburetted hydrogen, and the burning of this unused interior vapour as quickly as it is distilled, by the admission of oxygen, forms the principle of the Bude Light. As soon as a small tube, conveying a stream of oxygen, is introduced into the heart of the flame, the light is immediately increased in its intensity. Since this valuable discovery was made, Mr Gurney has effected various alterations and improvements on the light. Formerly he used oil, but now he employs common street gas. This gas, however, is made to pass through a box containing naphtha, which naphthalises it, or improves its inflammable properties, and renders it equal to the best oil without the trouble of wicks. The London street gas, it is necessary to explain, is an impure stuff, containing a certain proportion of free hydrogen, which combines with the carbon of the naphtha, and forms a bi-carburetted gas as it passes. The Edinburgh gas being pure, or without free hydrogen, would not require any such assistance from naphtha. The apparatus for supplying the oxygen is placed in a vault adjacent to Dr Reid's ventilating process. It consists of two iron retorts built over a furnace, and in these is put a certain quantity of oxide of manganese (a metallic substance which resembles brayed coal in appearance), from which oxygen is evolved, and led away in pipes to a gasometer; from the gasometer small pipes proceed to the burners in the House, each conducting a stream of oxygen into the heart of the flame. The light so produced is most intense in brilliancy, but is softened by the intervention of ground glass, and illuminates, with a powerful effect, the whole interior of the apartment. A more perfect substitute, in every respect, for daylight, could not, I believe, be found. The flame being supplied freely with oxygen, a comparatively small quantity of atmospheric air is abstracted or consumed, and all offensive heated air from the combustion is carried away in a small tube into Dr Reid's ventilating gallery above. Before the introduction of this beautiful light, the House of Commons was illuminated with 240 wax candles dispersed about in different parts—a method of lighting which Sir David Brewster has described "as most absurd, and such as no person at all acquainted with the physiological action of light on the retina, and the principles of its distribution, could have adopted."* Dr Ure, on being examined by the committee of members respecting the power of the Bude Light, previous to the substitution of gas for oil, observed—"I made experiments upon it very carefully in my own house last night, and compared its relative illuminative powers with argand lamps and candles with great pains, both by the method of shadows and also by Mr Wheatstone's photometer. Mr Gurney's larger Bude lamp, furnished with a wick of five-eighths of an inch, but emitting a white flame of only three-eighths in diameter, was found to afford thirty times more light than a wax candle, and nearly three times more light than the standard flame of the mechanical lamp, which was equal to from ten to eleven candles. Secondly, Mr Gurney's smaller Bude burner, with a flame one-quarter of an inch, was found, by the same methods, to afford a light eighteen to twenty times greater than a wax candle."

The adoption of the Bude Light in the House of Commons, as now improved and simplified by the substitution of gas for oil, has completely set at rest all theoretic speculations on the subject. The light is not only by far the most brilliant, without distress to

* Report of Committee on Lighting the House.

the eye, but is cheaper by two-thirds than the old wax-candle plan of illumination. If I recollect properly, Mr Gurney told me that the expense of using the Bude Light, in which naphtha is required, is about twelve times greater than that of common London gas, sizes of flame being equal, but that as the Bude flame gave twelve times more light, the expense was in reality the same, without the inconvenience of many burners, and a great consumption of air. The property of giving little heat, in comparison to what is produced by common gas, is in itself of great importance. Another useful property is, that the light may be varied in tone, from the most perfect white down to the red ray, by increasing or diminishing the quantity of oxygen.

It would be needless for me to say any thing further of this singularly ingenious means of artificial lighting, which cannot fail to prove extensively useful for light-houses on the coast, theatres, and other large places of assemblage, not to speak of its being rendered available for private dwellings. Gas companies, I should think, could find no difficulty in supplying pipes of oxygen to their customers, along with their usual service of carburetted hydrogen. There have been much worse speculations.

MESSRS CHAMBERS'S SOIRÉE.

[In the 388th number of the Journal, published on the 13th July last year, an account was transcribed from the *Edinburgh Weekly Chronicle* newspaper, of a temperate social entertainment which had been recently given by the publishers of this work to the working people employed by them. On that occasion it was explained that our sole object in giving extended publicity to the description, was to induce other employers in distant parts of the kingdom to give similar entertainments, not only as in themselves right and proper things, seeing that they tended to keep the various parts of society in harmony, but as means of promoting a good understanding directly between the entertainers and entertained. For similar reasons, we now reprint from the *Scotsman* of July 9th an account of the entertainment of this year, adding an abstract of a speech which we esteem as one of the most important of the evening, but which, from unimportant circumstances, was only alluded to in the report.]

THE annual soirée given by the Messrs Chambers to the numerous persons in their employment, together with their wives and families, took place on Monday last in one of the large halls in their printing-office, High Street. Although the occasion was strictly private, it yet presented many features entitling it to public notice. The admirable sentiments delivered, the sound principle evolved, and the good and kindly feeling manifested as subsisting between the employer and the employed, must have been extremely gratifying to all present, and furnish an example worthy of being imitated in similar large establishments. As on former occasions, the large room was decorated with flowers and evergreens, and laid out with tables capable of accommodating 160 persons. The company assembled at six o'clock, and, shortly afterwards, Mr William Chambers took the chair, supported on the right by Lord Murray and the Rev. Mr Shannon; and on the left by Lord Cuninghame, Mr Simpson, the Rev. Mr Bennie, Dr Murray, &c. Mr Robert Chambers acted as croupier, surrounded by a select number of friends, including Mr Frederick Hill, Inspector of Prisons for Scotland; his brother Mr Arthur Hill, of the Bruce-Castle Academy; Mr Hugo Reid; and Mr Andrew Bell, editor of Playfair's Euclid. After tea and coffee had been served,

Mr W. Chambers rose, and was received with loud cheering. He commenced by stating the object of the entertainment to be the associating together in one harmonious party, and without distinction as to rank, the two classes of persons—employers and employed. Addressing the latter, he said it afforded him great pleasure to welcome them once more to a simple entertainment such as that now presented, and to thank them, in his brother's name and his own, for the attention, the sobriety, and integrity which they had individually manifested during the past twelve months. He held it to be of immense importance to the cause of general philanthropy, and to the comfort and peace of society, that there should be assemblages of this innocent and cheering nature, and hoped that the example now set would be followed in other establishments, where too frequently, from a bad understanding of each other's feelings, there prevailed the most distressing animosities, if not the most violent strife (cheers). It had been said that *benevolence was power*, and to the truth of this he could well testify; in fact, benevolence was wealth, peace, and happiness (cheers). It was most gratifying for him to state that, by their united exertions—that is, masters and men together, and there were now about a hundred of them—they were pouring forth such a stream of sound healthful instruction over the land, as must in time, he hoped, produce some fruits worthy of notice and remembrance. He was glad to say that all the works with which their name was associated were at present highly prosperous. The Journal, the first started of its class of cheap publications, on the 4th of February 1832, or about two months before the Penny Magazine, had never sunk a single copy in circulation, but had risen progressively to 72,000 copies weekly, and was now the widest circulated literary print in the British Islands or the world. Of this work, and of the Educational Course, and People's Editions, that is, three distinct publications which they conducted, there were printed last year five millions of sheets, and of the Educational Course and People's Editions there appeared to be now a settled sale of 160,000 volumes each annually. It was agreeable to reflect, that in this large mass of original and selected literature, there was nothing of a vicious or demoralising tendency. Convinced that if mankind be debarred from the enjoyment of innocent and enlivening recreation, they will seek for that which is of an opposite quality, it had ever been a leading object with his brother and himself to provide such matter as would improve, while it entertained the minds of their readers; and it was exceedingly gratifying to think that their efforts in this respect had been extensively imitated and followed up by other labourers in the same field of literature. Mr Chambers next adverted, in as delicate a manner as possible, to the attempt making by Mr Sergeant Talfourd to hamper, if not altogether destroy, the issuing of expired copyright works at a cheap price; but cheap literature, he felt convinced, would continue to thrive and be countenanced both by rich and poor. Human improvement was not thus to be checked by a small legislative effort. (cheers.) The press was now the mightiest engine in the country, and would increase in dignity and power with the increasing civilisation of the age (cheers). "I turn, however," said Mr Chambers, "from these speculations to a subject more intimately connected with our present meeting. Deeply engaged in furnishing the materials of publication, and involved in a thousand considerations which require constant vigilance, my brother and I are anxious to lay aside business for one evening, and to meet you here in a genial fraternity of feeling; to express our satisfaction with your conduct, and the observance you give to the rules which we have thought proper to institute for the general comfort. We are all labourers in the same cause. One labours by an exercise of the reflective faculties, another labours by the exercise of the hands and arms. Thus we are all labourers or workers in one way or other. Besides labouring by the thoughts, we venture our capital, that is, we buy materials on which your industry and skill are to be exercised. For your sobriety, your honesty, and your skilled industry in the situations which you respectively fill, my brother and I give our applause and our thanks. It is our earnest desire to make your lot agreeable, as far as lies in our power. Pressed upon all sides by competition, or, in other words, by the necessity for manufacturing our goods as cheaply as those of others, or at such prices as will command a ready sale, we in each case give as high wages as the trade sanctions, and as we can afford, and with which we believe you are satisfied. At any rate, we are the advocates, in the fullest sense of the term, for freedom of trade—freedom to go, and freedom to come, and that for the benefit of all. Thus left at liberty, some of you by force of circumstances, or by your own abilities, may rise to occupy a higher sphere: but, remember, every condition of life has its own sources of inquietude. The labours of the operative terminate at fixed hours, and he has nothing to think of but his stated task. The master has, in addition to all his labours, a never-ceasing anxiety. For ourselves, I may say that our toils are ceaseless and exhausting. My brother and I are in the condition of the unhappy juggler, who, after every performance, must rack his brains to show off some new trick, otherwise he will lose his audiences. Yet we are not without a gleam of sunshine in our path. We are repaid by the smiling countenances and happy hearts of those around us. It *is* something to have good servants, and to live in harmony with them. Not the least object we have in view in calling you together to the present entertainment, is to show our friends that masters and men *can* live together in peace, and that they can also meet in social concord, without leading to disorganisation or to encroachments on each other's privileges. I am glad to think that we have been this evening honoured with the presence of individuals who, from their station and character, will be able to carry an account of our happy and innocent meeting into sections of society in which the working classes are too often looked upon with distrust. Perhaps, also, our example may be copied by other employers and employed. Perhaps it will be found possible, as in the present instance, to have social enjoyment without abasement of the senses in intoxicating liquors. If we can in any way accomplish even this, we shall set a most valuable example to our fellow-creatures."

Mr Forsyth, foreman of the compositors, replied in an able and appropriate speech. He said—"Mr Chairman and Mr Croupier—After the lapse of a year, it has once more become my pleasing duty to tender you our united acknowledgments, as well for this your annual festival as for your kindness and courtesy during the past year. In doing so, it might be thought unnecessary that I should do any thing more than merely refer to your general conduct towards us, the individuals in your employment; but, while we would proffer you our warmest thanks for the many kindnesses received, we consider that there is another and more important subject which this meeting is calculated to suggest. We are all labourers in one great cause, and, however humble the occupation of many of us, that cause raises and dignifies our employment. Our gratitude as your workmen, then, reminds us more forcibly of the fact that all our labours have a common end and purpose—namely, the enlightenment and elevation of the great body of the people. Gentlemen—We believe this to be a great and a good cause. We believe, that if ever the title of philanthropist was properly applied, it is when given to those who have been the active agents in opening up new intellectual sources of pleasure in the minds of their fellow-men—who have fostered the love of virtue and the practice of all good—and caused the seeds of knowledge to spring up in otherwise sterile soils. To you, gentlemen, belongs this high honour. The whole course of your career has borne testimony that other motives than those of mere men of business have actuated you in your labours. We believe that to elevate the condition of working-men, by unfolding to them the manifold beauties of knowledge and virtue—the true sources of content and happiness—has ever been one of the grand objects of your exertions. In proof of the fact, it is unnecessary to go beyond your own establishment, and more especially the present meeting; if it were, we could refer to your pecuniary sacrifices for the furtherance of praiseworthy objects, and the formation of libraries for working-men in different parts of the country. What Washington Irving beautifully said of Roscoe, may be far more appropriately applied to you—that 'he opened up pure fountains, where the labouring man may turn aside from the dust and heat of the day, and drink of the living streams of knowledge.'

The system of cheap literature which you have originated, promises soon to revolutionise the entire business of bookselling. Already have some of the most influential London publishers successfully imitated the 'People's Editions;' and it appears not unlikely that, in the course of time, few reprints will be published in any other form. By this means, those copyright works which were formerly found only on the shelves of the wealthy, are now fast descending from their lofty abodes to amuse and instruct the poorest of the community. One would suppose that the good induced by this state of things was so clear and self-evident, that no one would be bold enough to deny it. Nevertheless, we find those who see nothing to admire in it; the idea of the 'vulgar many' (the 'swinish multitude' is the orthodox phrase, but it is now somewhat old-fashioned) reading and understanding such works as Butler and Paley, is utterly beyond the sphere of their thoughts. That working-men should read or think at all, seems to these persons altogether unnecessary. One grand characteristic of the age—the universal thirsting after knowledge—is to them a theme only of censure or regret." [Mr Forsyth then discussed in sarcastic terms a diatribe against popular knowledge which lately appeared in one of the London magazines. We omit this part of the address, excepting one passage, which vindicates the Journal from an imputation of mere surmise, which we have seen in other quarters.] "Other statements of this writer are still more extravagant than those now noticed. His definition of 'useful knowledge' is 'the knowledge of locomotive engines and railroads, &c., and any thing pertaining to the cultivation of the heart or conduct,' he says, 'it would be regarded as an insult to introduce.' I think it but proper that the Messrs Chambers, and their fellow-labourers, should be defended from these ridiculous insinuations. I make bold to say, that there is hardly a man or woman—ay, boy or girl—in the country, but who knows their falsehood and injustice. To refine and instruct all classes, and inspire every man with reverence for all the great duties of life—at the same time that he is made to comprehend the improvements of the advanced and advancing civilisation of the times—have unquestionably been the general objects of all cheap literature, and in particular of the publications of the Messrs Chambers. I believe there is scarcely a workman in the kingdom but whose mind and heart have both experienced the benefits of such publications. * * * Before concluding, allow us to hope that this meeting will be a pledge and earnest of a future good understanding between us. That nothing may occur to interrupt the harmony which has hitherto subsisted, is our sincerest wish as it is our truest interest. If our good wishes for your prosperity can avail aught, you have them heartily and sincerely."

Mr Forsyth, before sitting down, read an address with which he had been intrusted by the bookbinders of the establishment. This document, after alluding to several arrangements which had been made for the convenience of its authors—mentioning, in particular, the practice of paying weekly wages on Fridays, and allowing the men to cease working on Saturdays at 3 o'clock afternoon, by which all temptation to break the Sabbath was removed—concluded as follows:—"These evidences of your zeal to promote our interests morally and intellectually, have had the effect, we hope, of making us studious of your interests and active in your service; and so it will be found in every establishment where there is a happy and contented body of workmen—more is accomplished, and in a more efficient manner, than can be expected under different circumstances. In conclusion, let us assure you, that all your kindnesses will only prompt us to greater exertions, and with willing hearts and ready hands we shall go on from day to day in those earnest endeavours for your service, which, we trust, have been already evinced; and shall hereby receive the happy approval of our own consciences, and rejoice in the knowledge that we have done our duty."

Mr Chambers then took an opportunity of adverting to the services of several individuals in their employment, to whom they were in a particular manner indebted; and to that person who had the entire charge of this large house and all its valuable property, Mr Dickson, he now begged to present a writing-desk, in testimony of his esteem and gratitude.

Mr Dickson returned thanks.

Mr Simpson rose, and was enthusiastically received. He said there were discoveries in the moral as well as in the physical world. It was a moral discovery that benevolence is power. It was not the less a discovery in relation to human *practice*, that the fact is stated in Scripture, for there it has been too little heeded. The present meeting had further discovered that intoxication is not essential to mirth and conviviality; that they may be jovial, *royal*, nay, as *glorious* as Tam o' Shanter himself, on lemonade. John Barleycorn was giving place to John Coffeebean (laughter). It was another moral discovery that healths, sentiments, toasts, as they are called, might be given by us without our forthwith swallowing poison; and that it is a monstrous absurdity that, by the very symbolic act of wishing health to another, we should destroy our own (cheers and laughter). "On the strength of this discovery, I claim," said Mr S., "your cheers—ay

——— the thrice repeated cry
That oft has cheer'd the wine cup and the fight,
And bid each arm be strong, and bid each heart be light.'

But *here* is neither the wine cup nor the fight, though where the one is, the other often follows (a laugh); yet we may receive with an acclaim quite as lively this cordial wish—'Permanence and extension to a good understanding and kindly co-operation between employers and employed." This much-to-be-wished state of things is actually attained here. This meeting is its sign. It is no vulgar feast; it is really a feast of reason, of temperance, of courtesy, of refinement. The ladies are present (cheers). Wives and sisters cannot join a *drinking bout*—a debauch. Their presence humanises, *gentlemanises* the rougher sex. A still more beautiful feature is before

us—children are here—even *babies* are brought by their confiding mothers (loud cheers), and conduct themselves with that propriety which befits this excellent establishment (laughter). One *honourable member*, from the sound of his voice somewhere about the ripe age of six months, has repeatedly cheered, and always in right places (laughter); he cordially approves of the principle and spirit of this meeting.

A meeting like this involves and evolves deep principles. It proves the practical value of the maxim that benevolence is power. The control which the Messrs Chambers exercise in their great establishment, is the unresisted, because irresistible, control of justice and kindness. Throughout the year all is peace and good-will in the works, and here annually masters and men meet to renew their truly Christian, as well as commercially wise, compact, and part with hearts yet warmer, and resolutions yet firmer, for another trial (loud applause). Another principle made manifest here is the practicability, demonstrated by the result, of elevating the character of the working man, or rather of his elevating his own; and in his practical exhibition of improved intellect and morals, of his taking rank where these qualities should and must place him—among gentlemen. All that is worthy, really gentlemanlike, in the classes above him, will meet and hail him more than half way. Why do the higher classes shrink from contact with the humbler, as these yet too generally are? The reason is obvious; they cannot meet in fellowship with drunkenness, filth, coarseness, and brutality. That they will hold out a cordial right hand to real respectability, let this meeting, and the distinguished men around me who grace it, tell. One other principle evolved by a meeting like this, I will mention. All this respectability—all this moral elevation—all this intellectual and moral rank—all this fitness for fellowship with the true aristocracy—for these qualities constitute the only real aristocracy in its essential character—is consistent with the duties and regulated toils of labour. It is with working men we are at this interesting moment in company—men who do a fair honest day's work; and who have daily proof of that further moral discovery, that labour is neither an evil nor a degradation, except in its excess, for then it is both. Regulated labour is a divine dispensation—a blessing—for 'it is by the blessing of God that man goeth forth to his labour until the evening.' The same authority says, 'All things are full of labour.' The Creator has given us a faculty for labour, the exercise of which is delightful to us; and he has at the same time arranged material creation, so that labour is necessary to turn it to our advantage. This, too, calls forth our energies. 'Man,' says Channing, 'would have been a poor creature, had nature yielded him every thing spontaneously.' See the schoolboy escaping from his hitherto repulsive books, and begging admittance to the carpenter's shop—happy if allowed to handle his tools. How many *gentlemen* are voluntary workmen!—how many men of rank! The late Lord Traquair was an enthusiastic cutler, and was delighted if you brought him a pair of old razors to put in order (laughter). Lord Douglas was a bookbinder. Crowned heads not less were labourers. George III. was a turner; Leopold of Austria a clock-maker; and Louis XVI. a lock-maker. Our muscles, our health, require labour; for exercise is labour. We must all labour—with head if not with hands; and my two distinguished friends near me (Lords Murray and Cuninghame), who laboured at the bar, and now labour on the bench, must ride or walk, or work with their hands, to preserve their health. Labour, moreover, is no degradation. It is a gothic absurdity to look upon it in that light. A high degree of intellectual and moral worth—a high refinement of character—is compatible with manual labour. Such a labourer, spite his hard and horny hands, is fit company for the first gentlemen in the land. Let us not forget that St Paul laboured with his hands. Channing is right when he talks of the *dignity* of labour. The real degradation is sloth and idleness. It is to this that the friends of that education which forms and elevates character would bring the working man. We are called visionaries, theorists, by the education obstructors of the old school. Let them look at our *practice*. Would that certain prelates were here; and would honestly say whether they have ever produced, or can produce, a scene like this. Nay, more, I would invite them to follow these men to their homes—see their happy families, their books, their domestic amusements, their quiet religious duties, their general respectability, prudence, and usefulness—and compare such a base for the pyramid of social order and safety, with that which an ignorant and brutal mob has long presented to the despairing philanthropist (cheers). We who desire to see an universal system of *such* instruction, can say to our obstructors, 'These are our fruits, where are yours? Shall we find them in religious contentions, hatred, and intolerance?—in empty churches, and full jails, hospitals, and workhouses?—in pauperism and pestilence?—in that mass of ignorance and cruelty, vice and crime, which poisons the passing gale in our cities, and pollutes the moral atmosphere of our land? Will you bring these fruits of your husbandry—rather these rank weeds of your neglect—and, placing them on a rival altar, hope that God will have respect unto your offering!' (loud cheers). Turn we from such a contemplation again to the scene before us, and when we reflect on the vast extent of good that flows from the labours of these very workmen—on the triumph of steam-press and stereotype which they all lend a cheerful hand to achieve—on their twenty-four thousand sheets every day of the year—one thousand every hour—which go forth like a thousand wings, bearing healing abroad, and scattering it over the world—well may we repeat the sentiment with which I set out, and couple it with 'health and prosperity to the Messrs Chambers and their workmen.'" The sentiment was received with loud and long continued applause.

The chairman proposed the healths of Lord Murray and Lord Cuninghame. Received with great applause.

Lord Murray returned thanks.—He felt great pleasure on being present at a meeting composed chiefly of working men. On being asked once by a friend from the Continent what was most worthy of observation in this country, he had directed his attention to the industry, and intelligence, and firmness of purpose, displayed by our working population (cheers). Get into conversation with our operatives at the loom, or our labourers at the plough, and you will discover in them an extent of information, a power of reasoning, and force of character, which I am proud to think you will not find, to the same extent, in any other country in Europe. I quite agree with what has been so eloquently stated and so well reasoned by my learned friend near me (Mr Simpson), as to the necessity for every one to labour. In this respect the rich are often the most unfortunate (hear). Look at a man with five or six thousand a-year. He cannot sit down on his estate to vegetate like one of his own trees, or to be watered and manured like one of his farmers' turnips (laughter). No; he must find employment, and accordingly he meets a number of other gentlemen who have as little to do as himself, and gets upon a horse's back, often in cold frosty mornings, at four, five, or six o'clock, to run after some unfortunate fox who has no choice in the matter (laughter). He then gallops over hedges and ditches, and exposes himself to broken legs or other accidents, thus performing an amount of labour which would be considered a severe sentence to be pronounced on any one in a court of justice, and all because he has the misfortune to have nothing to do, and is obliged to seek out work for himself (cheers and laughter). His lordship then alluded to yachting as another practice resorted to by the rich from the same cause. The Italian nobleman, he continued, is in a still more unfortunate position. He has none of these manly sports to give employment to his leisure hours, and healthful exercise to his body, but wastes his time in looking at his paintings, or building and altering his palaces, and is surrounded by a set of people all as miserable as himself (cheers). His lordship concluded by proposing, as a sentiment, "Freedom of conscience," which he begged leave to couple with the name of the Rev. Mr Bennie. The sentiment was received amid loud cheers.

Mr Bennie rose to reply, and was received with loud applause. After some preliminary observations, and an eloquent vindication of liberty, civil and religious, which, he said, should be universally prevalent, with the exception of such restraint as wisdom places on bad men, the reverend gentleman proceeded to address himself to the sentiment which had been proposed. Freedom of conscience, particularly in religious matters, is the right of every individual. Persecution, which springs from the spirit of selfishness, has been too prevalent in the world; and he rejoiced that men were becoming more alive to the true dignity and majesty of their nature. Using a bold and striking image, Mr Bennie spoke of men "persecuted into fame and chased up to heaven! No man has a right to dictate what I shall believe, or how I shall interpret this or that passage of Scripture; and he who accepts his opinions from another is a miserable slave." We regret that we have not room to give even an outline of the reverend gentleman's eloquent speech, which was concluded amid loud and long-continued cheering.

Mr Simpson said there were two brothers present who were employed in a sphere of usefulness not less important than that of the two who presided on this occasion—he alluded to Mr Frederick and Mr Arthur Hill. The exertions of the former in reforming the discipline in our prisons were well known, while the latter was at the head of one of the most important educational seminaries in the country. Mr S. then referred to the splendid triumph of Mr Rowland Hill, their brother, in reforming the post-office, and concluded by proposing their health, which was hailed with all the honours.

Mr F. Hill replied in an interesting speech. He had at least the merit of disinterestedness in attending the present meeting, as the Messrs Chambers were employed in striking the ground from under his own feet (laughter). He then referred to the interest which he had often seen prisoners take in reading their Journal, and related instances in which they had expressed that interest, and hoped that it might be the means of preventing others from falling into crime (hear, hear). With respect to his brother, Mr Rowland Hill, he said that his plan for cheapening the postage had been long discussed in the family, and, although they were all convinced of its practicability, the author of the scheme had yet been utterly hopeless of its ever being carried into effect. The rapid progress which the question had made on its being first brought forward, ought to be an encouragement to all who may have similar projects in view for benefiting society, but who may despair of ever seeing them realised (loud cheers). Mr Hill said he perfectly agreed with the sentiments which had been so eloquently expressed that evening respecting the importance of labour, and related various anecdotes to show how much it was valued by the prisoners under the improved system of prison discipline which had been introduced. One boy confined in jail, having obtained permission to work as long as he pleased, had sat up all night. In Glasgow, a lady had asked permission to visit the prisoners in the Bridewell, and on being shown through a number of the cells, where criminals were at work, she repeated her request that she might be allowed to see some of the *prisoners*. On being told that she had already seen them, she expressed her surprise. She thought she had been shown some part of the establishment used as a factory, and could hardly credit the statement that the individuals she had *seen* so actively, and seemingly happily, at work were persons undergoing punishment. In the Glasgow Bridewell an experiment had been introduced which he hoped would be productive of much good. After performing a certain amount of work, the prisoners were allowed to work on their own account. The articles thus produced were fairly valued, and the prisoners credited with the amount. In order, too, to give them some idea of savings' banks, the money thus acquired was laid out at interest. Habits of industry were in this way formed, and a small stock collected which enabled them to clothe themselves respectably on leaving the prison, and gave them a chance of recovering their position in society (cheers). He feared he had detained them too long on a subject so deeply interesting to himself, and concluded by again thanking them, in the name of his brothers and himself, for the manner in which their humble labours had been noticed.

In the course of the evening a plentiful repast of strawberries and cream was served up to the company, and several excellent songs were sung by Mrs Bushe, who was present as a guest, and others. Mr Spindler's band was in attendance, and at intervals regaled the company with some admirable instrumental music. Excellent addresses were also delivered by Lord Cuninghame and Dr Murray, and the meeting broke up about half-past eleven o'clock, highly delighted with the manner in which the evening had been passed.

A MARRIED MAN'S REVERIE.

BY JOHN INMAN, AN AMERICAN AUTHOR.

WHAT a blockhead my brother Tom is, not to marry! or rather, perhaps, I should say, what a blockhead not to marry some twenty-five years ago, for I suppose he'd hardly get any decent sort of a body to take him as old as he is now. Poor fellow! what a forlorn desolate kind of a life he leads; no wife to take care of him—no children to love him—no domestic enjoyment—nothing snug and comfortable in his arrangements at home—nice sociable dinners—pleasant faces at breakfast. By the way, what the deuce is the reason *my* breakfast does not come up? I've been waiting for it this half hour. Oh, I forgot; my wife sent the cook to market to get some trash or other for Dick's cold. She coddles that boy to death. But, after all, I ought not to find fault with Tom for not getting a wife, for he has lent me a good deal of money that came quite convenient, and I suppose my young ones will have all he's worth when he dies, poor fellow! They'll want it, I'm afraid; for although my business does very well, this housekeeping eats up the profits with such a large family as mine. Let me see; how many mouths have I to feed every day? There's my wife and her two sisters—that's three; and the four boys—seven; and Lucy, and Sarah, and Jane, and Louisa, four more—eleven; then there's the cook and the housemaid, and the boy—fourteen; and the woman that comes every day to wash and do odd jobs about the house—fifteen; then there's the nursery-maid—sixteen; surely there must be another—I'm sure I made it out seventeen when I was reckoning up last Sunday morning at church; there must be another somewhere; let me see again; wife, wife's sisters, boys, girls—oh, it's myself! Faith, I have so many to think of and provide for, that I forget myself half the time. Yes, that makes it—seventeen. Seventeen people to feed every day is no joke! and, some how or other, they all have most furious appetites; but then, bless their hearts, it's pleasant to see them eat. What a havoc they do make with the buck-wheat cakes of a morning, to be sure! Now, poor Tom knows nothing of all this. There he lives all alone by himself in a boarding-house, with nobody near him that cares a brass farthing whether he lives or dies. No affectionate wife to nurse him and coddle him up when he's sick; no little prattlers about him to keep him in a good humour—no dawning intellects, whose developement he can amuse himself with watching day after day—nobody to study his wishes, and keep all his comforts ready. Confound it, hasn't that woman got back from the market yet? I feel remarkably hungry. I don't mind the boys being coddled and messed if my wife likes it, but there's no joke in having the breakfast kept back for an hour. Oh, by the way, I must remember to buy all those things for the children to-day. Christmas is close at hand, and my wife has made out a list of the presents she means to put in their stockings. More expense—and their school-bills coming in too; I remember before I was married I used to think what a delight it would be to educate the young rogues myself; but a man with a large family has no time for that sort of amusement. I wonder how old my young Tom is; let me see, when does his birthday come?—next month, as I'm a Christian; and then he will be fourteen. Boys of fourteen consider themselves all but men now-a-days, and Tom is quite of that mind, I see. Nothing will suit his exquisite feet but Wellington boots, at thirty shillings a-pair; and his mother has been throwing out hints for some time as to the propriety of getting a watch for him—gold, of course. Silver was quite good enough for me when I was half a score years older than he is, but times are awfully changed since my younger days. Then, I believe, the young villain has learned to play billiards; and three or four times lately, when he has come in late at night, his clothes seemed to be strongly perfumed with cigar smoke. Heigho! fathers have many troubles, and I can't help thinking sometimes that old bachelors are not such wonderful fools after all. They go to their pillows at night with no cares on their minds to keep them awake; and, when they have once got asleep, nothing comes to disturb their repose—nothing short of the house being on fire can reach their peaceful condition. No getting up in the cold to walk up and down the room for an hour or two with a squalling young varlet, as my luck has been for the last five or six weeks. It's an astonishing thing to perceive what a passion our little Louisa exhibits for crying; so sure as the clock strikes three, she begins, and there's no getting her quiet again until she has fairly exhausted the strength of her lungs with good straightforward

screaming. I can't for the life of me understand why the young villains don't get through all their squalling and roaring in the day-time, when I am out of the way. Then, again, what a delightful pleasure it is to be routed out of one's first nap, and sent off post-haste for the doctor, as I was on Monday night, when my wife thought Sarah had got the croup, and frightened me half out of my wits with her lamentations and fidgets. By the way, there's the doctor's bill to be paid soon; his collector always pays me a visit just before Christmas. Brother Tom has no doctors to fee, and that certainly is a great comfort. Bless my soul, how the time slips away! Past nine o'clock, and no breakfast yet; wife messing with Dick, and getting the three girls and their two brothers ready for school. Nobody thinks of me, starving here all this time. What the plague has become of my newspaper, I wonder!—that young rascal Tom has carried it off, I dare say, to read in the school, when he ought to be poring over his books. He's a great torment, that boy. But no matter; there's a great deal of pleasure in married life, and if some vexations and troubles do come with its delights, grumbling won't take them away; nevertheless, brother Tom, I'm not very certain but that you have done quite as wisely as I, after all.—*From a newspaper; original place of publication unknown.*

FLOWERS.

Plants may be multiplied in many ways, by budding, grafting, inarching, by layers, pipings, and cuttings, by suckers, the division of roots and tubers, and by seed; and there are very few species from which by some of these methods an increase cannot be obtained. So easy, indeed, is the multiplication of plants, and so large a number of new plants can, with proper management, be raised from one original stock in the course of a year, that the nursery gardeners find it impossible (excepting in rare instances) to maintain a high price for a new flower beyond two or three years: the first year the price of a new flower may be L.5, the second it will be about 30s., the third year not more than 2s. 6d. The method applicable to the greatest number of plants, and which is successful with ordinary management, is that of cuttings: from the parent plant small slips or cuttings are taken where the wood is not very tender, and, if practicable, at a joint. The cuttings should be planted about two inches apart, in large pots or boxes, and the pots placed in a moderately warm hot-bed, shaded from the sun. In about a fortnight they will strike root, and begin to grow. They should then be gradually hardened, be put as far as practicable into separate pots, and removed into the fine-pit, where plenty of air must be given them in the day-time to prevent their damping off, and a fire be lit before frosty nights; the additional security of mats, thrown over the frames, must be used when the weather is unusually severe. The time of removing the plants from their winter quarter, must depend upon their nature, and the climate in which they are to grow. The last week in May, or the first in June, is the earliest time at which the tenderest will bear a thorough exposure; for one or two previous weeks they should be hardened by gradual exposure to the wind and cold nights, care being taken to protect them with mats if either should be in excess. The cultivation of dahlias is commenced in the second or third week in February, when the roots which have been taken up in the autumn should be put into a hot-bed, kept, as far as practicable, at a uniform heat of 62 degrees to 65 degrees; a little of the earth in the bed should be spread over them, and water liberally given them once a-day. The roots will then push out suckers, one from each eye; these should be separated from the bulb; a few fibres of the old root being torn off with them, and being treated after the manner of cuttings, will strike and be ready to plant out at the end of May. It is a fault with gardeners, generally, that their dahlias flower too late. The first flowers are seldom perfect, and it often happens that the plants have not long reached their prime before they are either pinched by cold nights, or perhaps altogether destroyed by frost. It is, therefore, desirable that the plants should never be checked in the early stages by want of heat or otherwise. Perennial herbaceous plants may be easily multiplied by dividing the roots either in the autumn or in spring. Annuals are principally raised from seed sown in April and May, either upon a hot-bed, from which they must be transplanted, or in the situation in which they are to grow. Sweet peas and mignonette, nemophylla insignis, poppies, &c. are very shy of being transplanted, unless from pots. Mallows, choriopsis, China and German asters, French and African marigolds, eutoca viscida, nolana prostrata, &c. will be better raised on a hot-bed. New annuals are continually produced: we do not, however, consider them generally as a desirable class of flowers. There are two methods of arranging flowers with a view to their display—1st, putting each species in a separate bed; 2d, mixing two or more species in one bed. Each has its merits, and in every garden both should be practised. When flower-beds situated close to each other are to be filled with one species only, it will be requisite to consider the height and colour of the flowers to be planted, that both symmetry and harmony may be preserved. Yellow flowers, especially among those that grow from six inches to two feet in height, are more numerous than flowers of any one other colour, and care must be taken not to plant them in undue proportion. When several species are to be planted in the same bed, the largest bed must be chosen, the tallest species be placed in the middle, and various colours mixed together; sufficient space should be left for each plant to grow freely, without interfering with or confusing its branches with those that are next to it. Flowers for the most part like a rich, light, new soil. The spot chosen for a flower-garden should be dry, open to the sun, and sheltered from wind and cold.—*Penny Cyclopædia.*

TORONTO.

Toronto, though exhibiting little to bear out its pretensions either as a city or a capital, and still less to justify the metropolitan airs which the *élite* of its denizens assume, is a place bearing (unlike Kingston) the appearance of having been much improved within these last few years; but it as yet possesses only one good street, which runs east and west, and this is in some parts advantageously set off with an array of well-filled shops and stores. At the western extremity of such street, on opposite sides of the road, stands a sort of overgrown party-coloured cottage, dignified by the name of "Government House," and a neat assemblage of red brick buildings, comprising the schoolhouse and private dwellings appertaining to "Upper Canada College," of whose history I shall hereafter speak. Between the Government House and the bay, an unseemly mass of brickwork, encasing the legislative chambers and various of the public offices, rears its head; while, a mile beyond this again, is an ill-constructed stockade sort of fort, with an incommodious barrack within its circuit. Eastward, Toronto's chief edifices are a church, a bank, a town hall (having behind it a market place), and, lastly, a sessions house and jail, besides a second prison house in progress of construction, to signify the moral improvement of the people. This end of the town is much eschewed as vulgar by the high order of patricians; whose abodes, consisting in many cases of good-sized, substantial, though isolated houses, are for the most part situated in the three opposite directions. Of these, the Yongestreet Road, running north, is decidedly the most eligible locality; and a few miles out it exhibits some very pretty scenery. Nevertheless, the *city* of Toronto will not bear mentioning in the same breath with either of the American *towns* Rochester or Buffalo (both, I believe, of later origin), though I am aware that, in making this assertion, I incur the risk of being thought tasteless, not to say a rebel in disguise, by the majority of those amongst whom I have been so lately dwelling; since they would consider as derogating from their city's dignity the mere institution of any comparison. Speaking generally, however, of contrasts between Canadian and American objects indicative of relative progressive improvement, I lament to add my humble testimony to that of many other visiters to both countries, that the comparison is immeasurably in favour of the states; and the fact is rendered strikingly apparent to the unbiassed observer, not simply by his passing through the states on his way to Canada, but by his residing in the latter country for a lengthened period, then traversing the neighbouring states, and afterwards returning to the British territory.—*Preston's Visit to Canada.*

ANECDOTES OF ALLIGATORS.

The following singular fact in natural history, appears in a work called "Recollections of a Three Years' Service in Colombia, by an officer of the Colombian Navy:"—"There were hundreds of my old acquaintances, the alligators, who were usually to be seen lying on the top of the water with their mouths wide open, over and anon closing them with a horrible crash upon some luckless fish, which the force of the current had conveyed into them. In the course of the voyage, I had an opportunity of ascertaining a fact concerning these creatures, which I do not recollect to have observed in the natural history of them. The Indians told me that, previously to their going in search of prey, they always swallow a stone, that, by the additional weight of it, they may be enabled to dive with the greater celerity, and drag whatever they may seize under the water with them with ease. They have been frequently known, on this river, where they are exceedingly large and rapacious, to draw men and horses out of sight. Not giving implicit credit to this statement of the Indians, I determined to ascertain if it were true, and mentioned my intention to his excellency, who assured me the Indians were correct; and for the sake of amusement, consented to shoot some to convince me. The only parts where they are vulnerable to musket-shot are on the dirty white part of the skin along the chest and abdomen, and in a space of about three inches in breadth behind each ear. The former can seldom be aimed at, and we therefore tried at the latter. Bolivar, whose aim was certain, shot at and killed several with a rifle, in all of which, when opened, were found stones varying in weight according to the size of the animal. The largest killed was about seventeen feet in length, and had within him a stone weighing about sixty or seventy pounds. The Indians, whose occupation obliged them to be always on the river, or close to its banks, said that they have frequently observed the young ones, in the morning, swallowing small stones at the side, under the shelter of the wood, before they searched for their victims, and depositing them at night in a place of safety."

AN IRISH ELECTION IN FORMER DAYS.

In the goodly days I speak of, a country contest was a very different thing indeed from the tame and insipid farce that now passes under that name. In the times I refer to, the voters were some thousands in number, and the adverse parties took the field, far less dependent for success upon previous pledge or promise made them, than upon the actual stratagem of the day. Each went forth, like a general to battle, surrounded by a numerous and well-chosen staff; one party of friends, acting as commissariat, attended to the victualling of the voters, that they obtained a due, or rather undue, allowance of liquor, and came properly drunk to the poll; others again broke into skirmishing parties, and scattered over the country, cut off the enemy's supplies, breaking down their post-chaises, upsetting their jaunting cars, stealing their poll-books, and kidnapping their agents. Then there were secret service people bribing the enemy, and enticing them to desert; and, lastly, there was a species of sapper and miner force, who invented false documents, denied the identity of the opposite party's people, and, when hard pushed, provided persons who took bribes from the enemy, and gave evidence afterwards on a petition. Amid all these encounters of wit and ingenuity, the personal friends of the candidate formed a species of rifle brigade, picking out the enemy's officers, and doing sore damage to their tactics, by shooting a proposer, or wounding a seconder—a considerable portion of every leading agent's fee being intended as compensation for the duels he might, could, would, should, or ought to fight, during the election. Such, in brief, was a contest in the olden time; and when it is taken into consideration that it usually lasted a fortnight or three weeks, that a considerable military force was always engaged (for our Irish law permits this), and which, when nothing pressing was doing, was regularly assailed by both parties—that far more dependence was placed in a bludgeon than a pistol—and that the man who registered a vote without a cracked pate was regarded as a kind of natural phenomenon—some faint idea may be formed how much such a scene must have contributed to the peace of the country, and the happiness and welfare of all concerned in it.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

VERSES

Written by a Father on a beloved Daughter, Helen—familiarly called by him "Elly Pye"—who died 23d May 1839.

I saw her in her infant day,
Whilst on a mother's lap she lay;
Her smile was heaven—her opening eye
Reflected deep the azure sky;
A happy, happy father I,
For oh! how sweet my "Elly Pye."

I saw her in her girlhood sporting,
To glen and woodland oft resorting;
The flowers to cull, the notes to hear
Of sooty blackbird, whistling near,
To chase the wavering butterfly,
With nimble foot—my "Elly Pye."

I saw her in her teens array'd;
Not now a girl—not yet a maid;
A girlish form, a maiden mind—
The all but woman, all refined.
Such once the form that met mine eye,
And such the soul of "Elly Pye."

I saw her in her twentieth year,
Accomplish'd, lovely, and sincere;
A full-blown rose in bower of bliss—
A father's hope, his paradise;
My heart was light when she was by—
My dear, bewitching "Elly Pye."

Her years had number'd twenty-one;
Her bloom was fled—her spirits gone—
Her eye was sunken, *sadly clear*—
And dull was now her startled ear;
Her *hope* was with her God on high,
Her *heart* was mine—my "Elly Pye."

"The hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home;
I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I hold so dear,"
She whisper'd low, with deadening eye,
And *kissed*, and *died*—my "Elly Pye."

I saw her breathe her latest breath,
(And, oh! how beautiful in death!)
The passions still—the combat o'er—
And pain and sorrow *now* no more.
I could not weep, I could not sigh,
But groan'd aloud, "My Elly Pye."

I saw the coffin borne along,
Amidst the motley, grieflese throng;
I thought my heart would burst in twain—
I scarce can feel the like again,
Till in the grave I come to lie,
With my own darling "Elly Pye."

One year has pass'd, and still my heart
Feels all its love and all its smart;
There's not a glen, a wood, or wild,
That has not seen me weep my child—
That has not heard my wailing cry,
"Oh, where is now my Elly Pye!"

One year, one circling little year,
Has pass'd, yet Helen still is dear—
Dear as when last she blest my love,
And talked of meeting yet above;
Yes, we shall meet again on high,
My early-sainted "Elly Pye."

St Andrews. T. G.

RECIPE FOR PREVENTING SEA SICKNESS.

Notwithstanding the sea had lulled, it blew a stiff breeze still, and the Crusader rolled and tossed upon the huge toppling waves of the Atlantic in such a way that I was again sick; but, having some little experience of what genuine sea sickness really is since crossing the Bay of Biscay, I managed to avoid much of the unpleasantness I then suffered, principally by the following means, which I would strongly recommend to all landsmen. If you feel sickish, or know by experience that you will be sick, go to bed, close your eyes, and remain lying on your back, if possible, without motion; abstain from food, but not altogether; I would rather say, eat sparingly, and of some solid, such as a little broiled meat, or biscuit, as I have known most alarming effects arise from "total abstinence," to say nothing of the violent straining and fruitless retching it occasions. Drink sparingly of cold water, or brandy and water in sips, but taste no hot liquid of any kind. In keeping the eyes shut, I would remark, that the effect of vision and its sympathy with the stomach are not enough attended to; for though at rest in the berth, the swinging backwards and forwards, and motion of the vessel and things around, are often sufficient to produce what we wish to avoid. There is, however, one point at which emesis becomes inevitable—it is when the mouth fills with saliva, and then the sooner it takes place the better.—*Wilde's Narrative.*

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